

# "Good-By, Jack!"

By  
Jack London

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Hawaii is a queer place. Everything socially is what I may call topsy-turvy. Not but what things are correct. They are almost too much so. But still things are sort of upside down. The most ultraexclusive set there is the "Missionary Crowd." It comes with rather a shock to learn that in Hawaii the obscure, martyrdom-seeking missionaries sit at the head of the table of the moneyed aristocracy. But it is true. The humble New Englanders who came out in the third decade of the nineteenth century, came for the lofty purpose of teaching the Kanakas the true religion, the worship of the only one genuine and undeniable God. So well did they succeed in this, and also in civilizing the Kanaka, that by the second or third generation he was practically extinct. This being the fruit of the seed of the Gospel, the fruit of the seed of the missionaries (the sons of the grandsons) was the possession of the islands themselves, of the land, the ports, the town sites, and the sugar plantations. The missionary who came to give the Bread of Life remained to gobble up the whole Hawaiian feast.

But that is not the Hawaiian queerness I started out to tell. Only one cannot speak of things Hawaiian without mentioning the missionaries. There is Jack Kersdale, the man I wanted to tell about; he came of missionary stock. That is, on his grandfather's side. His grandfather was old Isaac Kersdale, a Yankee trader, who got his start for a million in the old days by selling cheap whisky and square-faced gin. There's another queer thing. The old missionaries and old traders were mortal enemies. You see, their interests conflicted. But their children made it up by intermarrying and dividing the islands between them.

Life in Hawaii is a song. That's the way Stoddard puts it in his "Hawaii Net."

Thy life is music—Fate the notes prolong! Each feels a stanza, and the whole a song. And he was right. Flesh is golden there. The native women are sun-ripe Junos, the native men bronzed Apollos. They sing, and dance, and all are flower bejeweled and flower crowned. And, outside the rigid "Missionary Crowd," the white men yield to the climate and the sun, and no matter how busy they may be, are prone to dance and sing and wear flowers behind their ears and in their hair. Jack Kersdale was one of these fellows. He was one of the busiest men I ever met. He was several times a millionaire. He was a sugar king, a coffee planter, a rubber pioneer, a cattle rancher, and a pro-



"It Bit Him Twice—I Saw It"

motor of three out of every four new enterprises launched in the islands. He was a society man, a clubman, a yachtman, a bachelor and withal as handsome a man as was ever dated up by mammas with marriedable daughters. Incidentally, he had finished his education at Yale, and his head was crammed fuller with vital statistics and scholarly information concerning Hawaii Net than any other islander I ever encountered. He

turned off an immense amount of work, and he sang and danced and put flowers in his hair as immensely as any of the idlers.

He had grit, and had fought two duels—both political—when he was no more than a raw youth, essaying his first adventures in politics. In fact, he played a most creditable and courageous part in the last revolution, when the native dynasty was overthrown; and he could not have been over sixteen at the time. I am pointing out that he was no coward in order that you may appreciate what happens later on. I've seen him in the breaking yard at the Haleakala ranch, conquering a four-year-old brute that for two years had defied the pick of Von Tempy's cowboys. And I must tell of one other thing. It was down in Kona—or up, rather, for the Kona people scorn to live at less than a thousand feet elevation. We were on the island of Doctor Goodhue's bungalow, I was talking with Dottie Fairchild when it happened. A big centipede—it was seven inches, for we measured it afterward—fell from the rafters overhead squarely into her



It Was the Funeral Procession.

of it paralyzed me. I couldn't move. My mind refused to work. There,

within two feet of me, the ugly venomous thing was writhing in her hair. It threatened at any moment to fall down upon her exposed shoulders—we had just come out from dinner.

"What is it?" she asked, starting to raise her hand to her head.

"Don't!" I cried. "Don't!"

"But what is it?" she insisted, growing frightened by the fright she saw in my eyes and on my stammering lips.

My exclamation attracted Kersdale's attention. He glanced our way carelessly, but in that glance took in everything. He came over to us, but without haste.

"Please don't move, Dottie," he said quickly.

He never hesitated, nor did he hurry and make a bungle of it.

"Allow me," he said. And with one hand he caught her scarf and drew it tightly around her shoulders so that the centipede could not fall inside her bodice. With the other hand—the right—he reached into her hair, caught the repulsive abomination as near as he was able by the nape of the neck, and held it tightly between thumb and forefinger as he drew it from her hair. It was as horrible and heroic a sight as man could wish to see. It made my flesh crawl. The centipede, seven inches of scurrying legs, writhed and twisted and dashed itself about his hand, the body turning around the fingers and the legs digging into the skin and scratching as the beast endeavored to free itself. It bit him twice—I saw it—though he assured the ladies that he never felt it. Yet that was the man I upon the walk and stamped it into the gravel. But I saw him in the surgery five minutes afterward, with Doctor Goodhue scarifying the wounds and injecting permanganate of potash.

The next morning Kersdale's arm was as big as a barrel, and it was three weeks before the swelling went down. All of which has nothing to do with my story, but which I could not avoid giving in order to show that Jack Kersdale was anything but a coward. It was the cleanest exhibition of grit I have ever seen. He never turned a hair. The smile never left his lips. And he dived with thumb and forefinger into Dottie Fairchild's hair as easily as if it had been a box of sardines. Yet that was the man I was destined to see stricken with fever a thousand times more hideous even than the fear that was mine when I saw the writhing abomination in Dottie Fairchild's hair, dangling over her eyes and the trap of her bodice.

I was interested in leprosy, and upon that, as upon every other island object, Kersdale had encyclopedic knowledge. In fact, leprosy was one of his hobbies. He was an ardent defender of the settlement at Molokai, here all the island lepers were segregated. There was much talk and feeling among the natives, fanned by the demagogues, concerning the cruelties of Molokai, where men and women, not alone banished from friends and family, were compelled to live in perpetual imprisonment and isolation. There were no reprieves, no commutations of sentences. "Abandon hope" was written over the portal of Molokai.

"I'll tell you they are happy there," Kersdale insisted. "And they are infinitely better off than their friends and relatives who have nothing the matter with them. The horrors of Molokai are all poppycock. I can take you through any hospital or any slum in any of the great cities of the world and show you a thousand times worse horrors. The living death! The creatures that once were men! Bosh! You ought to see those living deaths—aching bones in the Fourth of July. Some of them own boats. One has a gasoline launch. They have nothing to do but have a good time. Food, shelter, clothes, medical attendance, everything is theirs. They are wards of the territory, and that there's a much better chance in a million for him or any other white man to catch it, though he confessed afterward that one of his school chums, Alfred Staarier, had contracted it, gone to Molokai, and there died.

"You know, in the old days," Kersdale explained, "there was no certain test for leprosy. Anything unusual or abnormal was sufficient to send a fellow to Molokai. The result was that dozens were sent who were no more lepers than you or I. But they don't

make that mistake now. The marks of health tests are infallible. The funny thing is that when the test was discovered they immediately went down to Molokai and applied it, and they found a number who were not lepers. These were immediately deported. Happy to get away? They walked harder at leaving the settlement than when they left Honolulu to go to it. Some refused to leave, and really had to be forced out. One of them even married a leper woman in the last stages and then wrote pathetic letters to the board of health, protesting against his expulsion on the ground that no one was so well able as he to take care of his poor wife."

"What is this infallible test?" I demanded.

"The bacteriological test. There is no getting away from it. Dr. Hervey is his expert, you know—was the first man to apply it here. He is a wizard. He knows more about leprosy than any living man, and if a cure is ever discovered, he'll be the discoverer. As for the test, it is very simple. They have succeeded in isolating the bacillus leprose and studying it. They know it now when they see it. All they do is to snip a bit of skin from the suspect and subject it to the bacteriological test. A man without any visible symptoms may be full of the leprosy bacilli."

"Then you or I, for all we know," I suggested, "may be full of it now."

Kersdale shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Who can say? It takes seven years for it to incubate. If you have any fear of that, go and see Doctor Hervey. He'll just snip out a piece of your skin and let you know in a jiffy."

Later on he introduced me to Doctor Hervey, who loaded me down with board of health reports and pamphlets on the subject, and took me out to Kalili, the Honolulu receiving station, where suspects were examined and confirmed lepers were held for deportation to Molokai. These deportations occurred about once a month, when, the last of the month, the lepers were marched on board the little steamer, the Noeau, and carried down to the settlement.

One afternoon, writing letters at the club, Jack Kersdale dropped in on me. "Just the man I want to see," was his greeting. "I'll show you the saddest aspect of the whole situation—the lepers waiting as they depart for Molokai. The Noeau will be taking them on board in a few minutes. But let me warn you not to let your feelings be harbored. Real as their grief is, they'd wait a whole sight harder a year hence if the board of health tried to take them from Molokai. We've just time for a whisky and soda. I've a carriage outside. It won't take up five minutes to get down to the wharf."

To the wharf we drove. Some forty sad wretches, amid their mats, blankets and luggage of various sorts, were squatting on the stringer piece. The Noeau had just arrived, and was making fast to a lighter that lay between her and the wharf. A Mr. McVeigh, the superintendent of the settlement, was overseeing the embarkation, and to him I was introduced, also to Doctor Georges, one of the board of health physicians whom I had already met at Kalili. The lepers were being loaded onto the ship. I noticed a little white girl, not more than twelve, with blue eyes and golden hair. One cheek, however, showed the sign. On my remarking upon the sadness of her alien situation among the brown-skinned afflicted ones, Doctor Georges replied: "Oh, I don't know. It's a happy day in her life. She comes from Kauai. Her father is a brute. And now that she has developed the disease, she is going to join her mother at the settlement. Her mother was sent down there three years ago—a very bad case."

"You can't always tell from appearances," Mr. McVeigh explained. "That man there, that big chap, who looks the pink of condition with nothing the matter with him, I happen to know has a mark on his foot and another on his shoulder blade. Then there are others—there, see that girl's hand, the one who is smoking the cigarette. See her twisted fingers. That's the anesthetic form. It attacks the nerves. You could cut her fingers off with a dull knife, or rub them off on a nutmeg grater and she would not experience the slightest sensation."

"Yes, but that fine-looking woman, there," I persisted; "surely, there can't be anything the matter with her. She is too glorious and gorgeous altogether."

"A sad case," Mr. McVeigh answered over his shoulder, already

turning away to walk down the wharf with Kersdale. "Nobody but one who was pure Polynesian. From my meager knowledge of the race and its types I could not but conclude that she had descended from old chief stock. She could not have been more than twenty-three or twenty-four. Her lines and proportions were magnificent, and she was just beginning to show the amplitude of the women of her race."

"It was a blow to all of us," Doctor Georges volunteered. "She gave herself up voluntarily, too. No one suspected. But somehow she had contracted the disease. It broke us all up, I assure you. We've kept it out of the papers, though. Nobody knows what has become of her. In fact, if you were to ask any man in Honolulu, he'd tell you it was his impression that she was somewhere in Europe. It was at her request that we've been so quiet about her race."

"But who is she?" I asked. "Certainly, from the way you talk about her, she must be somebody."

"Did you ever hear of Lucy Mokuini?"

"Lucy Mokuini?" I repeated, haunted by some familiar association. I shook my head. "It seems to me I've heard the name, but I've forgotten it."

"Never heard of Lucy Mokuini! The Hawaiian nightingale! I beg pardon. Of course you are a malihini (new-comer) and could not be expected to know. Well, Lucy Mokuini was the best beloved of Honolulu—all of Hawaii, for that matter."

"You say 'was'?" I interrupted.

"And I mean it. She is dead," he said. "He shrugged his shoulders pityingly. 'A dozen haole—I beg your pardon, white men—have lost their hearts to her at one time or another. And I'm not counting in the ruck. The dozen refer to were haole of position and prominence.'"

"She could have married the son of the chief justice if she'd wanted to. You think she's beautiful, eh? But you should hear her sing. Finest native woman singer in Hawaii. Her throat is pure silver and melted sunshine. We adored her. She toured America first with the Royal Hawaiian band. After that she made two more trips on her own account—concert work."

"Oh!" I cried. "I remember now. I heard her two years ago at the Boston Symphony. So that is she. I recognize her now."

I was oppressed by a heavy sadness. Life was a futile thing at best. A short two years and this magnificent creature at the summit of her magnificent success was one of the leper squad awaiting deportation to Molokai.

I recalled from my own future. If this awful fate fell to Lucy Mokuini what might not my lot be—or anybody's? I was thoroughly aware that in life we are in the midst of a living death, to die and not be dead, to be one of that class of creatures that once were men, eyes, and women, like Lucy Mokuini, the epitome of all Polynesian charms, an artist as well, and well beloved of men—

"Good-bye, Jack! Good-bye!"



"Good-bye, Jack! Good-bye!"

I am afraid I must have betrayed my perturbation, for Dr. Georges hastened to assure me that they were very happy down in the settlement.

It was all too inconceivably monstrous. I could not bear to look at her. A short distance away, behind a freighted truck guarded by a policeman, were the leper relatives and friends. They were not allowed to come near. There were no last embraces, no kisses of farewell. They called back and forth to one another—last messages, words of love, last reiterated instructions. And those behind the rope looked with terrible intensity. It was the last time they would behold the faces of their loved ones, for they were the living dead, being carted away in the funeral ship to the graveyard of Molokai.

Doctor Georges gave the command, and the unhappy wretches dragged themselves to their feet and under their burdens of luggage began to stagger across the lighter and aboard the steamer. It was the funeral procession. At once the wailing started from those behind the rope. It was blood curdling; it was heartrending. I never heard such woe, and I hope never to again. Kersdale and McVeigh were still at the other end of the wharf, talking earnestly; politics, of course, for both were head over heels in that particular game. When Lucy Mokuini passed me, I stole a look at her. She was beautiful. She was beautiful.

Your Cough Can Be Stopped.

Using care to avoid draughts, exposure, sudden changes, and taking a treatment of Dr. King's New Discovery will positively relieve, and in time will cure you of your cough. The first dose soothes the irritation, checks your cough, which stops in short time. Dr. King's New Discovery has been used successfully for 45 years and guaranteed to cure you. Money back if it fails. Get a bottle from your Druggist; it costs only a little and will help you so much.

Best prices in town on hay, corn, oats, field seeds, etc., at Elmer Talia's, Irvine street. Phone 795.

was beautiful by our standards, as well—one of those rare blossoms that occur but once in generations. And she, of all women, was doomed to Molokai. She walked like a queen, across the lighter, straight on board, and aft on the open deck where the lepers huddled by the rail, walling, now, to their dear ones on shore.

When McVeigh and Kersdale returned. The latter's eyes were sparkling, and his lips could not quite hide the smile of delight that was his. Evidently the politics they had talked had been satisfactory. The rope had been flung aside, and the lamenting relatives now crossed the stringer piece on either side of us.

"That's her mother," Dr. Georges whispered, indicating an old woman next to me, who was rocking back and forth and gazing at her daughter with out of tear-blinded eyes. I noticed also that Lucy Mokuini was also weeping. She stopped abruptly and gazed at Kersdale. Then she stretched forth her arms in that adorable, sensuous way that was her very own. And with arms outspread, she cried:

"Good-bye, Jack! Good-bye!"

He heard the cry, and looked. Never was a man overtaken by more crushing fear. He reeled on the stringer piece, his face went white to the roots of his hair, and he seemed to shrink and wither inside his clothes. He threw up his hands and groaned, "My God! My God!" Then he controlled himself by a great effort.

"Good-bye, Lucy! Good-bye!" he called.

And he stood there on the wharf, waving his hands to her till the Noeau was clear away and the faces flung her farewell were vague and indistinct.

"I thought you knew," said McVeigh, who had been regarding him curiously. "You, of all men, should have known. I thought that was why you were here."

"I know now," Kersdale answered with immense gravity. "Where's the carriage?"

He walked rapidly—half ran—to it. I had to half run myself to keep up with him.

"Drive to Doctor Hervey," he told the driver. "Drive as fast as you can."

He sank down in the seat, panting and gasping. The pallor of his face had increased. His lips were compressed and the sweat was standing out on his forehead and upper lip. He seemed in some horrible agony.

"For God's sake, Martin, make those horses go!" he broke out suddenly.

"Lay the whip into them! Do you hear? Lay the whip into them!"

"They'll break, sir," the driver remonstrated.

"Let them break," Kersdale answered. "I'll pay your bill, but you'll have to put the police. Put it to them. That's right. Faster! Faster!"

"And I never knew, I never knew," he muttered, sinking back in the seat and with trembling hands wiping the sweat away.

The carriage was bouncing, swaying and lurching around corners at such a wild pace as to make conversation impossible. Besides, there was nothing to say. But I could hear him muttering over and over:

"And I never knew! I never knew!"

SUBJECT SOON DISPOSED OF

Young Girl's Terse Comment on Youth Short and Very Much to the Point.

They were young and happy and well dressed. When they climbed on the car, two men rose to give them seats. They caught a great deal to talk about, and their conversation was very interesting in its absolute disregard of things serious and important, and its apparent satisfaction with itself, the Indianapolis News remarks.

A few conversations are entirely satisfactory to themselves. There may be a lack of understanding or symptoms of being bored on the one side, or limitation of expression or tiresome garrulity on the other side. There is perfect understanding, no limitation of expression and nothing to be bored about in this particular conversation. And it was very easy to understand. Perhaps it would not be fair to tell about everything they said, and it was nobody's business anyway. It really was what they did not say that was important and worth telling. The one in the midnight blue suit trimmed in monkey fur was talking about somebody, very properly a young man.

"He writes the craziest letters," she said, "all about war and politics." And the other one, who had on a plum-colored broadcloth—this is a very expensive color this year and therefore very popular—the other one sniffed and took out her vanity box and mirror to see that she had sniffed none of the powder off her nose.

"Oh, well," she replied, "he's just as happy as if he had good sense."

Truly, it was a marvelous way of disposing of things like politics and wars, and so reasonable and satisfactory a method to them that it made the rest of us, who were reading the papers and wondering what on earth was going on about everything, feel very much ashamed of the young man who wrote the crazy letters and a little foolish and ashamed of ourselves.

Easy.

"I would like to go on the stump this campaign," said the candidate, "I wish I could acquire a flow of language."

"Why don't you try stepping on a tack?" advised the friend.

For Assessor.

Mr. J. S. Gott has announced for Assessor of Madison county. Mr. Gott is a successful young merchant of Berea. He is sober and industrious and attends closely to business. He comes from a long line of Democratic ancestry and is himself a true blue Democrat. His large family connections and friends have been voters not office holders, not one has ever held office. He now asks the Democrats of this county to give him the office of Assessor, promising in return that in the discharge of his duties he will be fair to the county and to every individual taxpayer in the assessment of his property.

Best prices in town on hay, corn, oats, field seeds, etc., at Elmer Talia's, Irvine street. Phone 795.

## Summing Up the Evidence

Many Richmond People Have Been Called As Witnesses.

Week after week has been published the testimony of Richmond people—kidney sufferers—backache victims—people who have endured many forms of kidney, bladder or urinary disorders. These witnesses have used Doan's Kidney Pills. All have given their enthusiastic approval. It's the same everywhere. 30,000 American men and women are publicly recommending Doan's—always in the home papers. Isn't it wonderful, convincing mass of proof? If you are a sufferer your verdict must be "Try Doan's first."

Here's one more Richmond case. Mrs. Nelson Ross, 419 Laurel St., Richmond, says: "My kidneys were irregular in action and I had pains through my back. At times I was nervous and dizzy. Doan's Kidney Pills procured at Middleton's Drug Store soon made me feel better in every way."

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Ross had. Foster-Milburn Co. Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—adv.

## Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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No Joke.  
"My son, beware of woman's guile," advised old Mr. Kemper.  
For often a real sunny smile  
Conceals a red hot temper.

Paw Knows Everything.  
Willie—Paw, what is petticoat government?  
Paw—That's what every Republican and every Democrat votes for the day he marries, my son.

Maw—Willie, you go get some soap and wash out your mouth.

An Epitaph.  
We slew an awful liar, men,  
When we slew Obed Munson,  
For one day he denied it when  
He had been eating onions.

Ouch!  
"That new movie of mine has a punch," bragged the author.  
"That's right," agreed the critic. "It put me to sleep."

Strange.  
Both dogs and humans are alike.  
For kind words they're a thorn;  
And yet they seem to think the most  
Of those who treat them worst.

Huh!  
"Congressman Bluff is a very wise man," remarked the old fogey. "He keeps what he knows to himself."  
"That's right," agreed the grouch. "I once heard him make a speech."

Sure.  
"Why does my doggy wag his tail?" asked little Tommy Miles.  
Said I, "Son, you can bet your kate  
That that's the way he smiles."

The "Dark Blue Gent" Is Located.  
Hamilton, O.—The dark blue gent whose hat was found by Mrs. Jack O'Hara of Van Wert, O., as stated in J. Spoerl of Hamilton. He lost the hat while looking to Buffalo. Mrs. Spoerl read Luke's item and wrote to Mrs. O'Hara and claimed the hat.

Wuff!  
We are ashamed to spring this tale,  
And yet we hate to duck it;  
A fellow gets a little pale  
Before he kicks the bucket.  
—Luke McLuke in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Such thought seems almost like a sin,  
And yet it seems quite funny  
That when a rich man "cashes in,"  
His children get the money.  
—Arkansas Democrat.

The Doc Is a Funeral Fan.  
The best in dental service, always at home giving careful attention to business (except on special funeral occasions). Dr. C. A. Herr—Ad. in Osborn (O.) Local.

Names Is Names.  
Una Nocker lives at Sherbrooke, Canada.

Things to Worry About.  
The easiest way to make a bad egg out of a good one is to keep it in 30 degrees temperature for awhile.

Our Daily Special.  
There are too many married women and not enough wives.

Luke McLuke Says:  
When a boy is reserved and doesn't talk much, his mother is real proud of him because he takes after her.

What has become of the old fashioned man who used to put in more time supporting his political party than he did in supporting his family?

You know how you dislike to accept charity. Well, don't you worry over it. You do not dislike to accept any more than the other fellow dislikes to dispense it.

In olden times it was considered pretty tough to be put on the rack and have one of your legs pulled off and then have some one beat you over the head with it. But, after all, them was the happy days! A man didn't have to live next door to a nuisance who had a rusty phonograph that played "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" all day and most of the night.

Before he gets her he tells her that he would gladly die for her. After he gets her he curses a blue streak every time he makes a payment on his life insurance policy.

You may have wondered why our ancestors had big stone slabs placed on top of their graves after they were planted. Well, the idea probably was to keep them from getting out later on and killing off some of the things that bragged about their ancestors.

After a man has been voting for twenty years he discovers that the fat heads do not all belong to the same party.

What has become of the old fashioned mother who named her daughter Mary Ann?

Maybe this country would enjoy more prosperity if we began work as cheerfully as the quilt it.

When they are married he is twenty-one and she is twenty. After they have been married twenty years he is forty-one and she is twenty-nine.

A homely woman has a hard time flagging a strange street car, but a pretty girl has no trouble flagging a strange automobile.

It is funny that the lad who is always giving advice is never tempted to take a dose of it himself.

Boat girls are mighty immodest in advertising their modesty.

## SENSATIONAL AND STUPENDOUS HIPPODROME SHOW

Greatest Acts of Vaudeville and Circus Booked For the Kentucky State Fair, Sept. 13-18



FRAMED by the giant oval and lofty dome of the \$100,000 Pavilion, there will be offered each evening, beginning at 7:30, at the Kentucky State Fair an aggregation of feature acts which are declared to constitute one of the greatest entertainments of the kind ever offered at a State Fair.

Secretary Dent has bent every energy toward securing a series of acts which will provide a vivid contrast and a decided sensation, and the show as a whole will live up to the billing of Hippodrome.

Supreme among the banner attractions, stand the "Lowandes" equestrian act, in which Lowandes and his beautiful girl partner perform amazing baraback stunts and taily feats. The act is splendidly staged and costumed and aside from its marvels of horsemanship and acrobatic art is as picturesque and pleasing to the eye as sculptured groups from a master hand.

Life, motion, color and thrill will characterize the turn of the Hassan Ben Ali Troupe of Arabian dancers, sword twirlers, leapers and tumblers. The Cevenne Troops are aerial artists who are said to perform more dare-

devil feats to the minute than any competitors in the show world. They do all the sensational midair flying and trapeze balancing ever attempted and, it is claimed, add hair raising accomplishments individual to themselves alone.

The Delmende Company is a musical aggregation of ten which boasts five classical beauties who are said to be stunning in looks and gowning. Their act is like-wild to be a distinct novelty and one of the most delightful ever appearing in vaudeville.

The Piccolini Acrobats are absolute muscular marvels, and the lifting, balancing, carrying and wrestling offered by them are sensational in the extreme.

In entertaining contrast to these acts will be an aggregation of acrobatic comedians who combine uproariously funny clowning with some really skillful and interesting acrobatic work.

Thirty-five richly and kaleidoscopically arrayed musicians designated as the Royal Hussar Band and an equally large number of harmony dispensers, known as the Scotch Highlander Players are especially imported from Scotland to be an important and enjoyable feature of the Hippodrome and night horse show exhibitions.

protection of the birds, and farmers on whose land the pheasants have been placed have been feeding them regularly and report that they have become quite tame. Quail will also be included in the importation of birds, and 5,000 will be brought into the state from Mexico. This variety of quail is native to Kentucky, but Mexico is the only place where the birds can be secured for restocking.

Two thousand five